

## **I Can't Seem To Make You Mine** by justpeachytea

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**Summary:**

This contains Season 2 spoilers! This fic is based on a scene in Season 2, and there are spoilers in the author's note!

# I Can't Seem To Make You Mine

## Author's Note:

Hello friends! I'm back at it with Jancy, in light of the new season. I know this isn't how Tina's halloween party played out, but this was so fun to write! I know Jealous Jancy isn't the most plausible, these two lovebirds obviously have feelings for one another, hence the lovely Jancy kiss! But, I had the idea for a jealous Jancy work before the second season came out. This is actually the first Jancy kiss scene I've written, which is really exciting. I hope you enjoy! (Also, I apologize for slandered Steve a bit in my last work, I hope I've redeemed myself in this one. I literally love and support Steve now due to his amazing character arc.)

Jonathan Byers, the boy who preferred photos to people, the "creep with the camera" some called him, was going to a party. Not that he had much choice in the matter. It was halloween night, Nancy Wheeler had invited him to a party, and for the first time, wasn't trick-or-treating with Will. He was sitting at home, and with his mom Joyce occupied with Bob, what was there to do? Sure, he hated parties, but Nancy was going to be there. With Steve Harrington, of course. Steve wasn't really the problem, though. Over the past year, Steve Harrington underwent some type of turnaround. He didn't know how, but it happened. Steve morphed into a really responsible, caring boyfriend. *It was his own problem.* He liked Nancy. And he shouldn't. He knew that. But her smile was so gorgeous, and her laugh was so infectious. She was beautiful, inside and out, and he had to deal with the fact that she wasn't his. He was willing to put up with whatever PDA the two were up to between classes in order to keep spending time with Nancy. Because, along with being the girl he had feelings for, Nancy was his friend. His only friend. And if that meant trying his hardest to keep a straight face when the two kissed at Nancy's locker, then so be it.

He didn't bother with a costume. He figured since no one expected

much of him, why should he give them anything more? Yet he secretly hoped he'd enjoy himself. He didn't think it would happen, but he tried his best to psych himself up for a good time.

When he arrived at Tina's house, his stomach dropped. His mind filled with regrets. Throughout the property was the ultimate teenage wasteland, littered with drunk teens downing spiked punch, couples making out in any place with a shred of privacy, and kegs upon kegs of beer. Goodness, he wanted to leave. But Nancy wanted him here, right? As he made his way through the sea of party goers, he finally spotted and Nancy and Steve at the punch bowl. They were talking, laughing, Nancy being quite forward. He figured she had a bit of alcohol in her system already. Still, for some reason, it hurt him. Like a fiery red, slow burn in his stomach. He needed a beer. He saw the two kiss again, Nancy pushed up against the side of the table. *He needed two beers.*

Jonathan looked around to find the nearest spot with alcohol. He didn't advocate for underage drinking whatsoever, and he knew Joyce would be disappointed. But, he figured he'd join the mess of kids, he wouldn't be able to stand them otherwise. He brushed past a shoulder and looked over at the person for a quick sorry. "Sor-" He turned to the person. It was a girl. A pretty girl, in some face makeup very reminiscent of the band KISS. "What are you supposed to be?" She asked, her voice soft and mellow. "A guy who hates parties. You?" She laughed. The two began talking, and downed drinks in unison. This girl's name was Samantha, and she was funny. And cool. Pretty soon, the two were laughing, cracking jokes and discussing music. Eventually both became more intoxicated, Jonathan's body warm and his mind a bit ditzy. Before he knew it, Samantha's tongue was literally in his mouth. They were kissing. *Woah.* Apparently alcohol really inhibited his time perception. And his overall perception. He felt her smile into the kiss, and he felt himself kissing back. He barely knew what was going on. He wasn't even that drunk, he just really didn't see it coming, and kissing goes by really fast.

Nancy Wheeler skimmed over the jumble of people. She thought she heard a familiar sound. The soft, slightly melancholy voice of Jonathan Byers. The one and only. Though there was constant conversation and music, she knew. She couldn't believe he actually came to this shindig. And she was determined to find him. Her eyes

finally found the sharp features and chestnut hair of Jonathan Byers, but connected to the features of someone else. Jonathan Byers, kissing a girl at a party? She couldn't believe it. Maybe it was the alcohol, but she felt heat rise to her face, that resonated deep in her chest. She felt her jaw clench. What was she doing? She should be happy that her friend met a girl at this party, but she couldn't explain it. She just couldn't look at the two kissing without feeling a deep pang to her stomach.

She turned to Steve, a few feet away talking to one of his friends. "Hey." She said, walking over to him, but keeping her gaze fixed on Jonathan and their kiss. The way he kissed her, the way he moved his head slightly so he could accommodate to how she kissed, how she tugged on his shirt. "Kiss me." Nancy demanded. "What?" Steve turned to her, brows furrowed. "Kiss me." She looked over at Jonathan, and he met her gaze for a moment. "What? Now?" Steve knew Nancy was drunk, and probably was just thinking about Barb, needing to feel close to someone again, to cut off that lonely feeling he saw deep inside of her earlier last week at the library. He planted a kiss on her lips, intoxicated Nancy definitely wasn't the most fun to kiss, but he knew it might help her, and she did ask. Jonathan's eyes widened, and he frowned slightly. He continued to kiss Samantha like it was the best kiss he could ever get. Like it was Nancy. He'd show Nancy. They weren't even angry at one another, but he couldn't just let Nancy kiss Steve like that and just stand there. Sure, he'd watch them kiss dozens of times previous, but he felt a burn in his stomach this time. He was hurt, and he hated seeing her with someone else. It was selfish and he knew it.

Jonathan stopped kissing Samantha. It wasn't right to use her like this. "Sorry, I gotta go." He said, and left her, not looking back. Nancy broke apart from the kiss abruptly, features full of displeasure and a bit of sadness. She looked down, unable to look her boyfriend in the eyes. "Steve, I—" Nancy stopped, sighing. Steve searched her face with concern. "I'm sorry. I just..." She whispered softly, and turned around, starting to leave. She needed a place to breathe and think. The bathroom seemed like the best option at the moment, it wasn't too far away, so her risk of stumbling into something or someone like the drunken mess she was wasn't as great.

Nancy made her way to the bathroom, muttering to herself about how she'd swear she'd never drink and wear heels simultaneously ever again. She took a seat at the edge of the bathtub, putting her head in her hands. She thought to herself. She didn't want to hurt Steve, or Jonathan either. It didn't help that she was drunk either. Gosh, she was a mess, and she hated herself for it.

Two soft knocks on the wooden door broke her from her thoughts. It sounded like someone was tapping with their knuckles, but backhanded. "Sorry, it's occupied." She called out. The last thing she needed was another drunk teen joining her intimate self reflection. The knob turned slowly, squeaking ever so slightly. "What did I say?!" Nancy's voice rose. She didn't even care if it was Steve, she couldn't talk to him just yet. He couldn't know the truth. It was about Barb, but also, so, so much more. She just felt lonely with Steve around. She didn't used to, not at all. But as time passed—more time since Barb died—she realized that Steve wasn't who she needed, what she needed from a relationship anymore. She didn't find comfort in his eyes, soft smile, the way she used to. They felt like strangers. Every day, she recognized, she found herself drifting a bit further from him. She was hurting, and no matter how hard he tried, Steve didn't understand. Another squeak. Through the small crack in the doorway, the solemn expression of Jonathan Byers was visible.

"Oh, Jonathan." Just great, she muttered under her breath so he couldn't hear. "Fancy meeting you here." She said, turning away slightly. Jonathan closed the door behind them and leaned against the sink. "How was she?" Nancy questioned. This was none of her business, but it was too late, her mouth moved too fast. She hoped she could play it off like a supportive friend, but she figured her furrowed brows gave it away.

"Uh, oh-" Jonathan faced the mirror and proceeded to wipe his mouth with his shirt sleeve, smudged black lipstick remnants on his lips. "She's uh, a girl I met. Her name's Samantha. She made the move, if you're wondering." Jonathan crossed his arms and looked down at the floor, clearly embarrassed. "Is she good?" Nancy blurted out.

"She was drinking...so, sloppy." The two chuckled. "Are you having fun? Seems like you're enjoying your time with Steve." Jonathan asked quietly, looked down at Nancy. "Uh, yeah. I mean- no. Not

really. You?" "Me neither. I told you, I don't like parties."

"Then why'd you come?" Nancy shifted, and decided to get up and sit on the ledge of the sink. "I was bored, nothing to do at home. And you wanted me here, remember?" Nancy smiled nervously, fiddling with the black ribbon on her dress. "Yeah I guess I did, didn't I? Now i'm just wasted, and nothing's fun anymore." She placed her hand atop Jonathan's.

"Nothing's ever fun about wasted teens, Nancy." Jonathan smiled. Nancy began to lean forward slightly. She was being so stupid, and so selfish. But dammit, she wanted to kiss Jonathan Byers. She didn't want to cheat on Steve, he didn't deserve it. But she felt like she'd already memorized how kissing Steve felt, and drunk Nancy was dumb, and didn't know how to rationalize. Jonathan cupped Nancy's chin and the two connected lips. Kissing Nancy Wheeler was electric, but tasted sweet, like spiked fruit punch. Jonathan's kiss was soft and hesitant, but eager all at once, and the two seemed to *fit* together. This kiss was a year in the making, and though the two were both slightly drunk, it was passionate and meaningful. Nancy gripped Jonathan's denim jacket with her right hand, pulling them closer, her left in his hair. There was a spark between the two, and maybe being drunk made them dumb enough to act on it. With Nancy lightly pressed against the edge of the sink, a harsh knock separated them. "It's occupied!" They said in unison.

Nancy, stifling a laugh, looked into Jonathan's now wide, startled gaze. She pressed her ear to the door, waiting until the person had left, then turned back to him. She gave him a quick peck on the lips, smiling. "*We are so dumb.*" Nancy uttered before opening the door, leaving a slightly intoxicated, dizzy, and electric Jonathan Byers behind her.